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## At Dusk

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## At Dusk

David Schelhaas

From the pink sky the last bit of sun  
that squints between houses and trees  
strikes my page as I sit in the old blue chair  
by the fireplace. Colorful cut-glass butterflies  
that earlier flitted upon the east wall  
have drooped into slumber.  
A soft breeze, sweet with the smells of autumn,  
ruffles the page of my book and coral petals  
from the roses cut by Jeri drift to the floor  
as silent as thoughts.

We will go out with friends at nine,  
talk of politics and God,  
but when we come home,  
I will sit here again for a moment  
in the fragrant air  
and remember the butterflies,  
the light, the petals, slowly  
falling into the still  
dark night.